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NOT ALWAYS A BLESSING.

Irate Uncle: GALLAGHER, I TOWLD YEZ ALL ALONG THAT EJUCATION 'D PROVE YER CUR-R-RSE, AN' I AM NOT A BIT SHURPRISED AT YER BEIN' HERE. IF YER HADN'T NEVER LEARN'T TO WROITE, YER HAD NIVER BIN ARRISTED FOR FORGERY. LOOK AT ME WID NO EJUCATION AT ALL, CAN'T EVEN SCARCELY WROITE ME NAME, AND HAS BIN AN ALDERMAN AN' A POLICE JUSTICE. YER COULD HAVE DONE THE SAME, BUT, NO! YEZ MUST HAVE AN EJUCATION. GALLAGHER, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!

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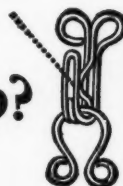


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hump?



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By

CASPAR W. WHITNEY

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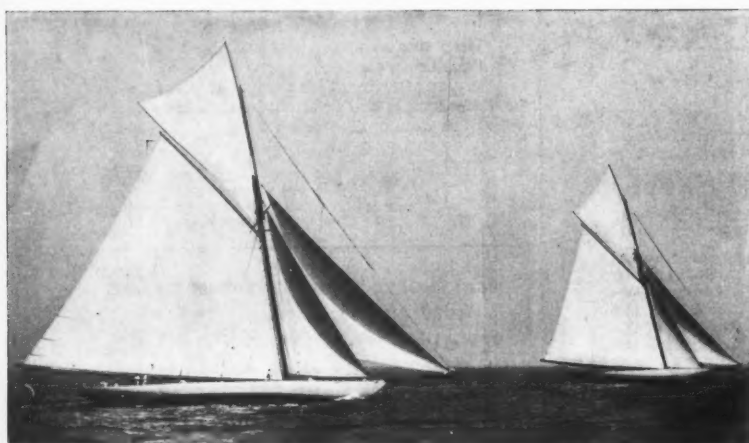


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THAT SON-IN-LAW.

"PAPA, GEORGE SAYS HE IS VERY MUCH WORRIED ABOUT HIS INCOME."

"I SHOULDN'T THINK HE WOULD WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

SHE dressed up in her brother's clothes.

A promenade she took,

And everyone who knew her said:

"How girlish you do look!"

ON THE EVE OF THANKSGIVING EVE.

OLD TURKEY: What hymn is that you're gobbling, my children?

THE YOUNG FLOCK: "I would not live alway," papa.

OLD TURKEY (*musings sadly*): Ha! Can this be a mere coincidence?

AFTER THE RAFFLE.

UNCLE 'RASTUS: I done won dat turkey at de raffle to-night.

AUNT DINAH: Yo' was lucky, eh?

"Yas, I was po'ful lucky. While de res' was shakin' dice I 'scused myse'f."

HE COULDN'T SAY.

THE LADY: Is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?

THE SALESMAN: I don't know. I'm not acquainted with your daughter.

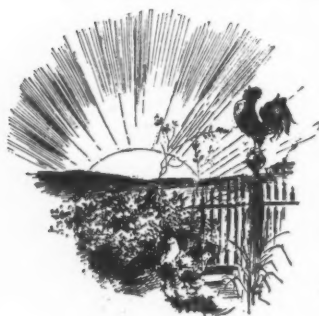


"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI. NOVEMBER 28, 1895. No. 674.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

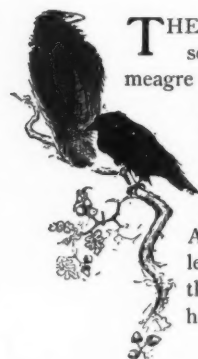


THE American Thanksgiving Day is a good piece of national property, for which, on that day, we ought to be thankful, if for nothing else. It is one of the few *transmittenda* that we owe to our Pilgrim forbears, and which still maintains its popularity. For though the development of the Christmas sentiment has shorn Thanksgiving of its predominance, it is still esteemed

as a holiday, and celebrated, with remarkable modifications to be sure, but still widely and with fervor. It is lucky that Thanksgiving was made for us, for it is a holiday that we of this generation could never have invented for ourselves. We can invent a Labor Day for people who work, and a Horse Show Week for people who don't work, but to improvise a new religious festival is a thing beyond us. Certainly we could not have invented Thanksgiving. We are still a church-going people on the whole, and are rich as a nation, and believe that we are intelligent and that we have much to be thankful for, but it would never occur to any influential mass of us to set aside a whole day annually in which to return thanks to the Almighty for His mercies. Indeed, we don't use in that way as generally as we did the day that has come to hand already dedicated to that purpose. We feast on it, and watch football games on it, but only a small and lessening proportion of us go to church and return thanks.

THIS falling off in the volume of our formal expressions of gratefulness is due, perhaps, in part to a tacit conclusion that we are big enough now to take care of ourselves, and to a conviction, not irreverent nor irrational, that unless we do take care of ourselves, care will not be taken of us. The sentiment of the Pilgrims that they were a chosen people, who walked in leading strings held by the hand of an almighty God, is hardly a general American sentiment to-day. We believe in the greatness of our opportunity, but the eye of contemporary faith sees in the First Cause so

much of the fostering protector, personally solicitous for our welfare, and rather more of the impartial Force, under whose supervision we shall reap what we sow, and must work out our national salvation as we may.



THE Pilgrims were grateful to a God who sent rain and sunshine and brought their meagre crops of Indian corn to maturity, but we have been taught for a whole generation to believe that we owed our national prosperity not so much to an overruling Providence as to the devices of successive congresses for the protection of American industries. Then, too, we are less thankful, perhaps, than the early settlers were for merely being alive and having food to eat.

WE are somewhat more used to those blessings than they, and somewhat more inclined to take them as matters of course. Perhaps, even in our superior experience of the complexities of human existence, we are somewhat less frankly persuaded than they that being alive is such a sure benefit as to put us under indisputable obligations to the author of our being. Briefly, then, it would appear that we don't hold Thanksgiving in the same estimation as our fathers did, because we have lost some of our enthusiasm both as pious people and as Americans. It is, on some accounts, a pity that it should be so, but it is an inevitable development which we might as well accept and get what solace we may from any compensations that come with it.

IF our sense of responsibility increases in proportion as the expression of our thankfulness grows fainter, it may still be well with us. If we can honestly attribute a lessened degree of formal gratitude for our prosperity as a nation to a more modest estimate of our merits and accomplishments as a people, that change will surely do us no harm. To be blindly and obstreperously thankful for the wrong thing is a worse mistake than not to be thankful enough, as was illustrated for all time in the case of the Pharisee who prayed in the temple.

At least we may hope that we are not Pharisaically thankful any more. If we go to church on Thanksgiving Day it will not be so much to express our entire satisfaction with our progress and condition, as to attribute it gratefully to the favor of Heaven that we are no worse than we are. But let us with due discrimination be as thankful as we can, trying to make up in modesty what we lack in gratitude, and to gain in personal and national responsibility whatever we may have lost in faith.



NOVEMBER



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"I HAVE EATEN THE CANARY!"



GORE!



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WHAT IS EXPECTED OF AN UP-TO-DATE REPORTER.



"PARDON ME, BUT IS THE RING 18 CARAT? I'M SOCIETY REPORTER FOR THE *Daily Whirl*."



"SCUSE ME, BUT YOU HAVE SELECTED IVORY SATIN, HAVE YOU NOT?"

LET us call Lord Dunraven no more hard names than is absolutely necessary. His case is one that may be more advantageously dealt with in sorrow than in anger. He seems to most of us a wrong headed person, who had, to be sure, some hard luck, but who brought the worst of his sporting misfortunes down by his own unwisdom on his

own head. He seems still to be piling up troubles on himself, and he may certainly be trusted to give himself all the discipline he may need. There are plenty of good sportsmen in England who have shown that they have tried hard to judge Dunraven's conduct and his charges and complaints on their merits, and not a few of them have censured his course. It is worth some time and pains to convince such men, if possible, that their representative yachtsman got just and sportsmanlike treatment here, and that such of his misfortunes as were not due to bad luck are attributable to his own folly. It is difficult to carry so much conviction so far across the seas, but with the earl's own assistance, which seems to be singularly efficient, it may possibly be done.



"ONE MINUTE, BISHOP, BUT WOULD YOU GIVE ME YOUR FULL NAME?"



"MIGHT I ASK YOUR DESTINATION?"

THE ENGLISHMAN.



PERHAPS the most welcome visitor and most delightful of all our foreign patrons is the Englishman, if we may, without offence, use so harsh a term as foreign of one who is our cousin and whose country is our mother. He comes among us modest, unassuming, charming; tolerant of our defects, helpful in his advice, indulgent of our social amenities, accepting good-naturedly our well-meant efforts to reflect his manners and clothes. He is our most

appreciative guest; everything in America pleases him. Our hotels, he tells us, as he gently pats our head, are nearly up to the Liverpool standard; our atmosphere is almost as Italian as London's; our streets are cleaner than those of Whitechapel; our women are not half bad; our men are very decent for tradespeople; our cuisine, with a little attention to London ideas, will do; our theatres have met the approval of Pony Moore; and even Jerome K. Jerome thinks our writers show some promise. This is high praise, and very encouraging, when we consider that the Englishman is one of the nobility, has served in the Guards, is one of the Prince of Wales's set, and is not ashamed to admit having dined with our ambassador, whose table manners are quite respectable for an American.

Is it any wonder, then, that we love the Englishman and that our very first families model their sons on him? His manners are so refined and perfect; his voice is so soft and

gentle; his repartee is so brilliant; his wit so keen; his literary culture so broad; his artistic sense so delicate; his whole conduct so fascinating. He treats his entertainers with such distinguished courtesy, with such amiable condescension, that we at once find in him the sum and centre of our admiration. Even in the mere question of raiment he is easily supreme. The English tailor is an artist—the Englishman, necessarily, a work of art—of the impressionist school. His garb, like the English drum beat, can be heard all round the world. His neckties have the refreshing brilliancy of an Arizona cocktail; his shoes are weapons of offence; his hats are dreams; his gloves and canes are the despair of nations, and the checks on his trousers are good in any climate. It is the national sound sense of the Englishman that prompts him to wear a monocle. When one eye is weary he transfers it to the other; while the American, who wears eye-glasses like a mere Frenchman or German exhausts both eyes at once.

The American speaks a dialect far more intelligible than the Japanese; he observes a manly effort to appear English in our most refined circles; he admits, of course, that the attempt is seldom successful, but it is an evidence of a desire for higher things. It is true the lower classes are rude and derisive and the newspapers very uncivil at times, but, then, one expects that sort of thing from the lower classes and the newspapers, and we apologize for it to him and he forgives us.

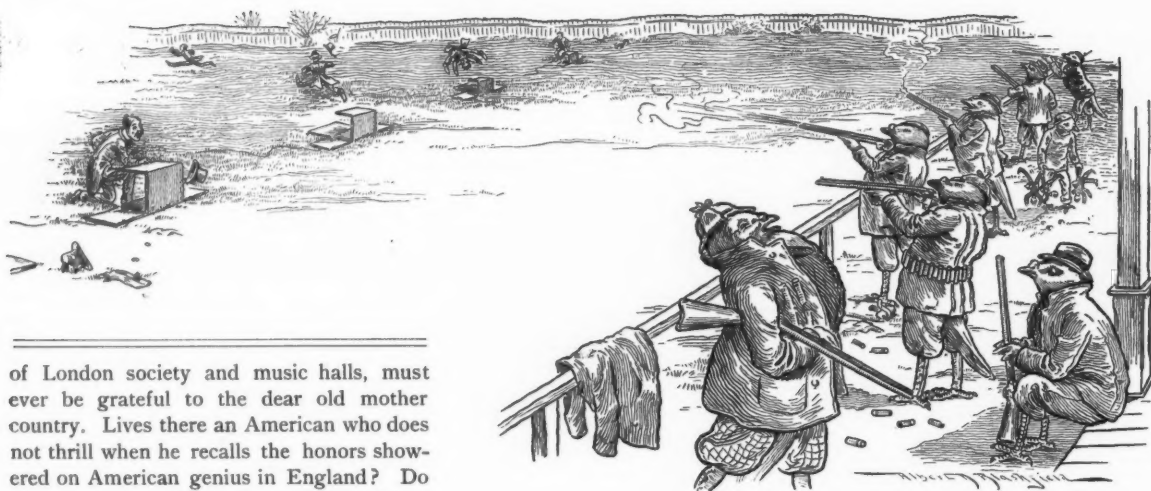
We often wonder what our modest aristocracy would do in its awful struggle to elevate our national taste and character if it were not for our amiable English friends, who at once present and incarnate a standard to aim for, to live up to. We who have noted the change in the American youth who has, for at least six weeks enjoyed the refining influences



"DO YOU INTEND STOPPING HERE VERY LONG?"



"AH, THANKS, THEN I'LL SAY THAT YOU SIMPLY WILL SPEND A WEEK HERE."



THE CRUEL BIRDS.

of London society and music halls, must ever be grateful to the dear old mother country. Lives there an American who does not thrill when he recalls the honors showered on American genius in England? Do we not glow to think that in Westminster Abbey there are slabs—six inches by eight—placed in cool, dark corners, to the memory of Longfellow and Lowell, and which can be readily found with the aid of a guide? Who is not proud of the deference paid to Messrs. Sullivan and Corbett in recent years by the mother country? Do we not tremble with exultation when we think that at any moment the Queen—when she gets over her rheumatism—may insist on making Mr. Astor a duke?

These things touch the great heart of the republic and make us forget that England is part of Canada.

Yet certain vulgar persons in our community seek to belittle this blithe newcomer and impugn his character and intelligence. They allege that he expects to shoot buffalo and Indians on Broadway; yet an intelligent Englishman

denies this and assures us that it is generally understood in England that shooting these creatures is forbidden in crowded thoroughfares, as it should be. What are stigmatized as his hazy geographical ideas—an expectation to breakfast in New York and dine in San Francisco—is merely a delicate compliment to our most admirably managed railroads. Some carpers object to a man writing three volumes of criticisms on our manners and customs based on three weeks observation. Are these envious people aware that any educated scientist, given the bones of a hind leg, can evolve a treatise on the habits, food, language, diseases and literature of an extinct race of grasshoppers and supplement it with photographs? They forget that the English are the keenest, wittiest and most imaginative of our races; and that he comes here with heart, eyes, ears, mouth and hands open to absorb everything within reach.

The Englishman is a superior being, and he is forced to admit it. The more we study him the better we like him—in England.

If our first families love him and imitate him it shows very poor taste for us, who are outside the charmed circle of retired grocers, hotel widows, real estate sharks and Wall street pirates, to scoff at that noblest product of our civilization—the Englishman.

Joseph Smith.

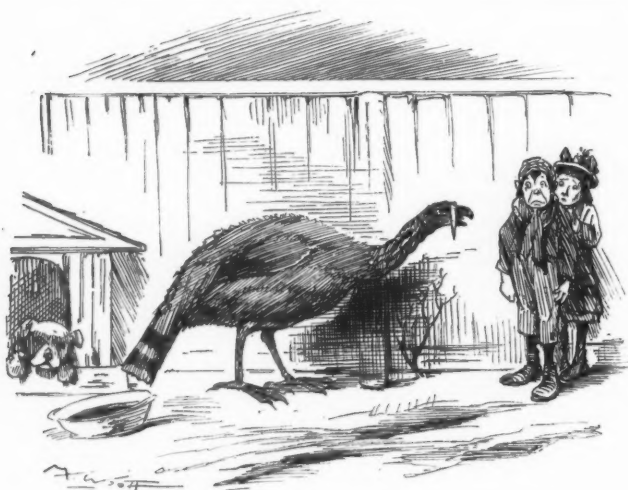
GETTING LATE.

SHE: I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigarette in my presence.

HE: Then I'll throw it away.

"Oh, I didn't mean that."

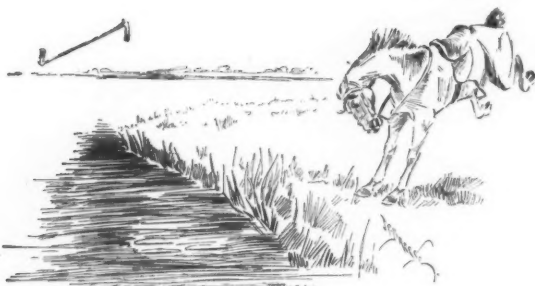
THE LANDLADY: Can you recommend this turkey?
MARKETMAN: I can, ma'am. With careful usage, that bird will last you a month.



Boy: HE KIN SCARE US WITH HIS RACKET *now*, EM'LY, BUT IN A COUPLE O' DAYS OUR STUMMICKS WILL BE HIS CEMETERY!



"HER FATHER WON OVER \$2,000 FROM THE BARON LAST MONTH AT CARDS."
"AND THEN THE BARON ASKED HIM FOR HER HAND?"
"YES. HE WANTED TO GET HIS MONEY BACK."



"UP AND AWAY! WE GO, WE GO!"

Old Hunting Song.



WHEN AMERICAN POETS WERE SPONTANEOUS.

IT would be a curious thing to get the frank verdict of one of the new generation of poets on Mr. Eggleston's collection of "American War Ballads" (New Edition, Putnam.) One can imagine the air of superior tolerance with which he would read these old lyrics, many of which once stirred the nation's heart. "They are good enough doggerel, my boy," he would say, "but you surely can't expect a man to call them poetry." And then he would point out enough technical defects to condemn the poets before any grammar school class.

But an unprejudiced reader, who does not consider good prosody the supreme virtue, will be surprised at the thrill which he gets out of many of these poems. If he has been born since the war—and he may be thirty years old at that—he will be astonished at the dramatic force of many of these pieces. He has been reading perfectly correct and melodious expositions of pretty little sentiments for so many years, and thinking them American poetry, that he receives a strange shock when he reads "Our Country's Call," "The Massachusetts Line," "The Charge by the Ford," "Give us a Man," or "Stonewall Jackson's Way." He will discover that crude as many of these war ballads are, they were at any rate written to express an over-mastering emotion; that they were the ejaculations of overflowing hearts.

This reader of the new generation will have two other surprises—one, the discovery that his own country has a romantic history of its own, and that within recent years;

the other when he reads the list of authors, to find that America had a remarkable list of poets in those days—Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Stedman, Stoddard, Boker—all of them glowing with patriotism instead of merely playing with pentameters.

These are commonplaces to men and women of middle age—but they would be surprised if they knew how ignorant of them their own children are. If they will look on the library table they will find that the children are getting their romance and poetry from England, France and Scotland.

"That's the fault of American writers," complacently replies the middle-aged parent. "What are they giving us?"

And the candid critic will be compelled to reply, "Studies in international sociology and etiquette—with imitations of the style, in prose and poetry, of foreign favorites."

* * *

THERE are very few writers for periodicals whose contributions on current events would bear republication in book-form after a decade. But one who reads E. L. Godkin's volume of "Reflections and Comments, 1865-95" (Scribners), will be more impressed than ever with the remarkable clear-sightedness of their author. His judgment was so true that things written in the thick of affairs or before their accomplishment, now read like prophecies that have been fulfilled to the letter. There has never been a journalist in this country who has seen so many of his advanced views at first greeted with ridicule and then accepted by the majority of people of intelligent opinions. Where other writers have stumbled along in the wake of public or party opinion, he has with sagacity and fearlessness pointed out what seemed to him to be the only *right* way. And this he has done without the sentimental reformer's appeal to the emotions. His arguments have been always addressed to intelligent men.

But outside of the value of the opinions expressed, this volume of essays has the charm of style—of keen satire playing with new and amusing social conditions, and a touch of sardonic laughter at life's little ironies.

Droch.

WHICH?

IT has been discussed of late by sundry of LIFE's contemporaries whether man or woman is the more beautiful creature. The truth, confidentially imparted, is that man is the prettier to look at but that woman is the better behaved. Man, however, likes woman's looks better than his own, but prefers, personally, his own behavior to hers. When women grow to be as truly beautiful as men, and men achieve a feminine circumspection in their conduct, dear, dear, what

an edifying world this will be and what an improving place to live in!



POOR LITTLE BRIDES.



THERE seems to be danger that if the competition in fashionable weddings should continue, the side-shows may become so elaborate as to detract from the interest in the main spectacle. The central figure at a wedding is the bride. A proper setting for her is very desirable, but to provide such a lot of supplementary fixtures that people are in danger of overlooking the bride, is mistaken policy and defeats the ends of justice. At the Vanderbilt wedding there was exhibited a duke, a family quarrel, a symphony orchestra, the greatest flower show ever seen in a New York church, the governor of

the state, the British ambassador, and a collection of the finest people in New York. Certainly that was an extraordinary outfit of attractions for a bride, however charming, to hold their own against. At the Whitney wedding two famous opera singers and a distinguished fiddler contributed to the entertainment, and the spectacle downstairs included nearly everyone who went to the other wedding, and the President, two cabinet ministers and all the Vanderbilt family besides. If there was another great wedding to follow, we should look for skirt dancing and fireworks. It is a relief to know that as yet no other distinguished British gentleman has matured his plans for carrying off a daughter of America, and that the competition in nuptial display is over for the present.

"AND did he say he remembered me when I was a girl?"

"No; he said he remembered you when he was a boy."



BY the time the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Vanderbilt were married, a certain form of American vulgarity had been pretty thoroughly aired. Advertising could go no further. Pictures of the bride's trousseau were in the daily papers. Nothing was kept back. It was nauseating, but the future mother-in-law drained her cup of glory to the dregs.

But since then another citizen, also of dazzling opulence, has stepped triumphantly to the front. When Mr. William C. Whitney gave his daughter in marriage the other day, he drew no bushel over his light. A complete list of the wedding gifts, with the names of the givers, was printed in the daily papers. It was not stated whether Mr. Whitney himself gave out this list for publication. The presents were expensive and there were many of them. Everything relating to the wedding was freely aired in the public journals before and after the event.

Both the ducal mother-in-law and Mr. Whitney achieved their wealth by honest matrimony, and LIFE congratulates them on their hearty appreciation of the opportunities at their command. They have both learned the easy lesson that "money talks."

And a few days before these quiet, unassuming unions, the daughter of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes was wedded in bucolic Lenox. There may have been disappointed friends who were not invited, but reporters were freely admitted. We saw in our daily paper, among other details innumerable and impressive, that "over two hundred and seventy gifts were displayed. Mr. Stokes gave his daughter a chest of silver, containing four hundred and seventy-five pieces."

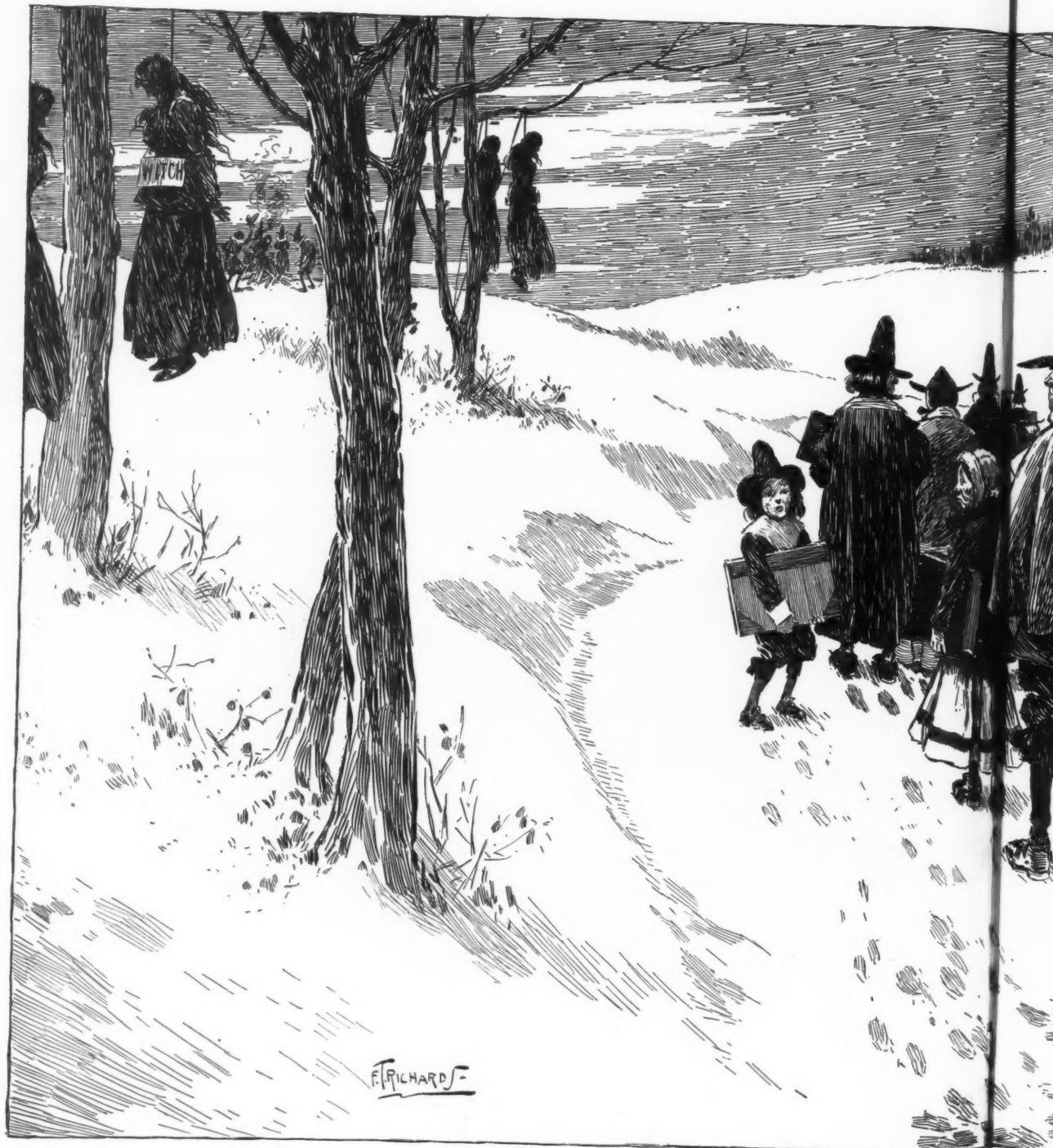
ANOTHER CASE OF VIVISECTION.

DOCTOR: Ow—wow—ouch—get away, you nasty brute. Help! This bull-dog's killing me.

BULL-DOG: Not at all, doctor. Don't get excited. You only think I'm hurting you. I'm a committee of one appointed by the Associated Canines of Purpville to conduct a few experiments in the cause of science. We're interested in watching the mental operations of a living man while having his calf chewed off.



THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCES UNDERGROUND.



De Merrie New Englande Banks



nd^e Banksgiving of Earlier Dayes.

PROGRESS.

IN times gone by we have sung hymns,
You know that, my good sirs,
But from present indications
We'll soon be singing *hers*.



PIERROT AGAIN.



DON'T waste your money on "Miss Pygmalion" unless you have a bit of imagination, some sentiment, and a liking for music. These are stern requirements in America, but there are some people who possess them all. To them the performance will be a joy and a delight. To the farce-comedy public it will be absolutely incomprehensible.

"Miss Pygmalion"—like "L'Enfant Prodigue"—is brought to this country under a misapprehension. If there had been a blare of daily newspaper trumpets, if a campaign had been arranged by an expert New York manager, the piece might have been made a fashionable success, and consequently have appealed to that public which follows the fashion. As it is, its New York appearance was only for a week, and it has to seek the possibly more intelligent endorsement of Boston and Philadelphia to make it go "on the road."

The pantomime is, as LIFE said in the case of "L'Enfant Prodigue," an exotic growth. America is too matter-of-fact to understand it quite. In Europe it is a tradition. With us it has no place. We cannot understand the sign language because it is too slow. Of course we all understand and pay five dollars for grand opera when it takes a high tenor five minutes to say a musical good morning to his soprano lady love. If the same idea is expressed in signs to a musical accompaniment and takes only thirty seconds, we cannot understand it, and cannot pay five dollars to witness it. Therefore it is not the fashion and we do not pay five dollars. It is strange how our American comprehension quickens when fashion rules the roost.

"Miss Pygmalion" tells a dainty and a pretty story pathetically and semi-humorously. It is a fantastic and almost metaphysical study of the "Pygmalion and Galatea" idea. There is an ingenuity in combination of myth, music and human passion which closely approaches genius. To the proper auditor who comes with the proper spirit there arrives



FITTING HIMSELF FOR IT.

"YES, GRANDMA, WHEN I GRADUATE I INTEND FOLLOWING A LITERARY CAREER. WRITE FOR MONEY, YOU KNOW."

"WHY, WILLIE, MY DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING ELSE SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AT COLLEGE."

an absorption in the atmosphere and story which makes the performance absolutely fascinating. To the matter-of-fact observer the whole entertainment may seem silly—except that the music deserves technical consideration. It is not so simple as that of "L'Enfant Prodigue," but it is equally descriptive and far more complex.

The performance of Mlle. Jane May, which carries the entire piece, cannot be judged by any ordinary standards. The requirements of *Miss Pygmalion* are considerably greater than those of *Pierrot* in "L'Enfant," and to them Mlle. May brings an originality and personality rare among actresses in this country. The scene where she betrays her passion for the statue, and again where she repeats the dream which forms the second act, are artistic accomplishments which deserve the close study of everyone who is interested in or cares for what is artistic. They are studies of art and nature which are valuable to anyone who cares for either. Anyone who can sit unmoved through the love she expresses in pantomime for the statue—the ideal—she has created, must admit that he is devoid of sentiment and imagination.

"Miss Pygmalion" is hardly for our public. As a great man who was both a President of the United States and a close student of human nature once said, "for those people who like that sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they will like."

Metcalfe.

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE TEACHER: What are the two things necessary to baptism?

SMALL GIRL: Please, sir, water and a baby.

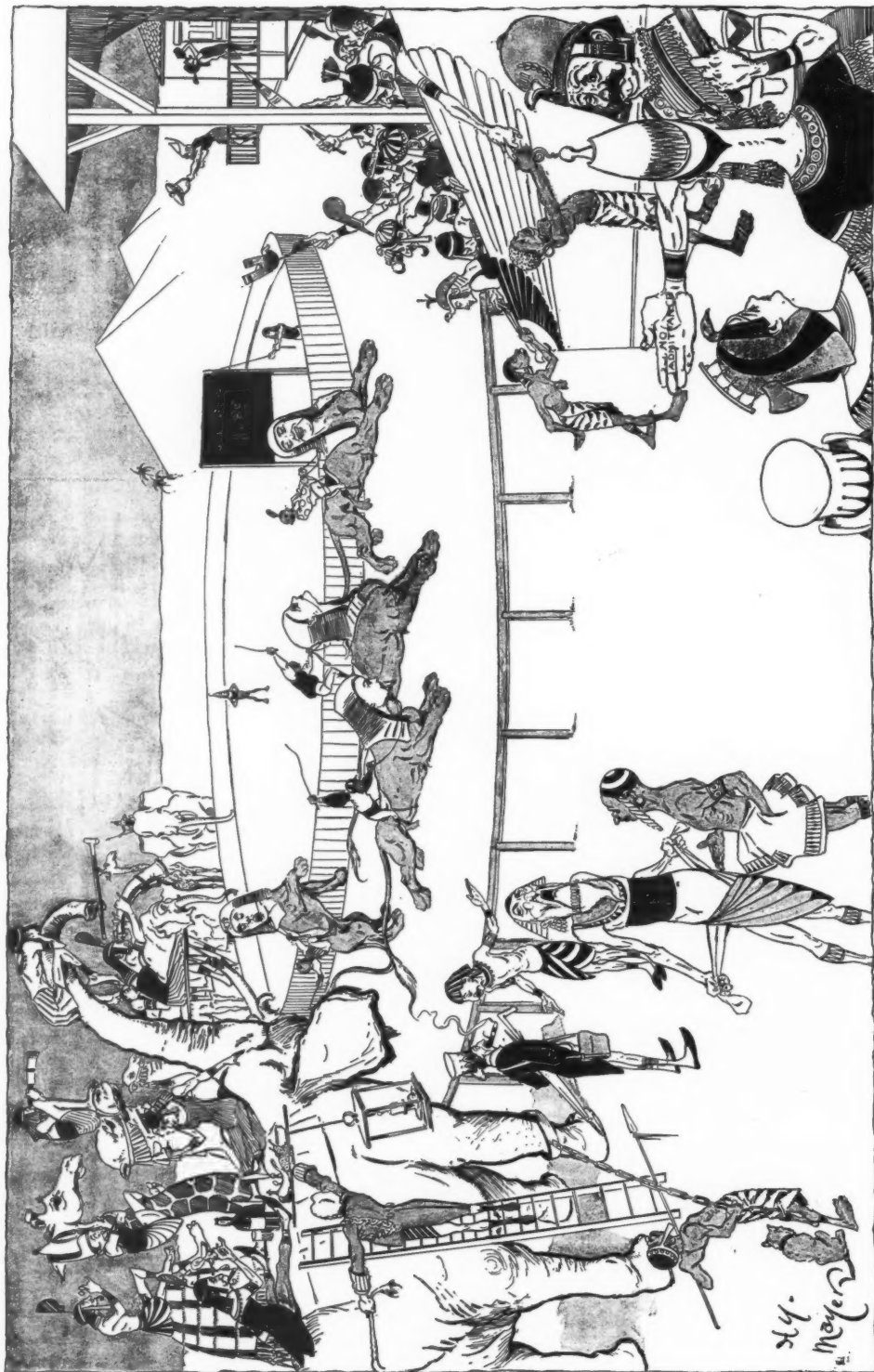


THANKSGIVING IN EUROPE.



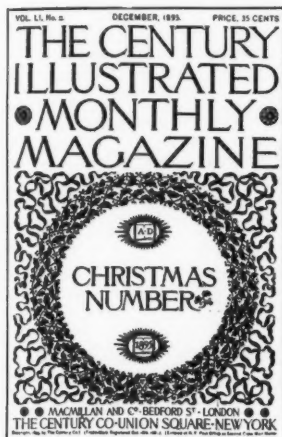
A DISTANT HINT.

"DON'T YOU FEEL CLOSE IN THIS ROOM, BESS?"
"I DON'T KNOW. I MIGHT FEEL CLOSER."



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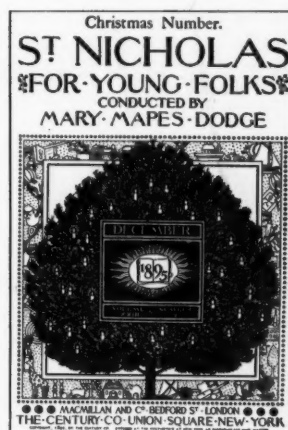
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IF.

IF love were always rosy
And knew no mortal ills,
And never went to pay the rent,
Or stormed at grocery bills—
Then would the world go singing,
And heaven would kiss the hills,
If love were always rosy,
And paid no grocery bills!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE Chicago Herald tells an amusing bit of experience which one of that city's benevolent men had with a beggar. The gentleman has a regular staff of "visitors," to whom he gives alms according to their needs and his ability. There is one old fellow whose calls are as punctual as the sun.

On a recent occasion this man accosted Mr. G. as usual and received from him a half dollar.

The beggar took it, thanked the donor and turned toward the door. Before reaching it, however, he seemed to be considering a matter very seriously. He hesitated, stopped and then turned to Mr. G. again, saying, "Excuse me, sir, I would like to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. G.

"It is this: Every month for years past you have given me a dollar, but to-day I come and you give me only 50 cents. How is that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. G., smiling good humoredly. "I have had some unusually heavy expenses this month. My eldest daughter got married, and the

outlay for her trousseau, etc., has compelled me to retrench in every direction."

"Ah, yes, I see," said the beggar. "But, Mr. G., I really can't afford to contribute toward your daughter's wedding expenses."

At the time when William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, was secretary of the navy, Admiral Meade was commandant of the navy yard in Washington. They got into trouble somehow, these two positive gentlemen, and the commandant was summoned before the secretary one day on a matter of importance. The secretary told the commandant that if he kept on or words to that effect he should certainly be obliged to punish him by sending him to sea.

"Mr. Secretary," said Meade, "I haven't anything to say except that when it is punishment for an officer of the navy to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good day."—Washington Capital.

SOME years ago, when horseback riding was much more common than now, two travelers were journeying through the State of —. In passing over a stony, sterile region, with here and there a dwarfish shrub and sickly tuft of grass, they chanced to ride by a little cabin. One of the travelers said to the other, "I pity the man that lives here; he must be very poor." The occupant of the cabin overheard the remark, and came out, saying, "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not so poor as you think. I don't own this land."—Harper's Magazine.



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GRACE: Weren't you educated in a convent?

CONSTANCE: No. Why?

GRACE: Oh, I heard somebody say that if you saw a man on the other side of the street you crossed yourself.—High School World.

COULD anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy. "Lor, missus," said he "I've used to lifting barrels of sugar."—Exchange.

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As she stepped into a Clark street car every man in it turned to look at her; she greeted another girl effusively and sat down beside her.

"Oh, Dora, I've had such an experience," she panted, as she cast a coquettish glance at the young man opposite.

"You always are having experiences," grumbled her friend, "and nothing ever happens to me. It all comes of having those big, appealing eyes and that timid air, when you're not even afraid of a mouse."

"Oh, but this was really an awful experience, and I've a mind not to tell you a word about it."

"If you don't I'll think it is because it is too bad to tell."

"Oh, you mean thing; but I must tell somebody, and I know all your secrets, so you won't dare to tell."

"Go on then; but don't expect me to sympathize."

"Well, you know, I went with mamma to the dentist's to-day and——"

"Oh, it was the dentist, was it?"

"Not at all. I had my lovely new silver-handled umbrella with me, and I leaned it against a chair in the waiting-room, determined not to lose sight of it. A few minutes later in came a splendid looking fellow, with such a moustache that I couldn't help smiling just a little at him."

"Of course."

"Well, he leaned his cane against the same chair, and it knocked my umbrella down. We both stooped to pick it up, and our hands met, and he said, 'Pardon me,' and I blushed, and said, 'Thank you.'"

"I hope you had the grace not to look at him again."

"Well-er, only once or twice, and each time he was looking at me in such an admiring way. At last mamma came. As we went out I forgot my umbrella, and had to go back for it, and oh, Dora, he started up and seemed about to speak, and I just flew out to where mamma was waiting. I knew I'd never hear the last of it if she caught me."

"And serves you——"

"Oh, and Dora, when we got out I looked back and he was actually following me."

"I hope you——"

"I did until mamma told me she was not walking for a wager, and at last he came up to us and lifted his hat."

"What impudence!"

"He was holding out something to me and saying: 'I beg your pardon, miss, but this is your umbrella, and——'"

"You don't mean to say——"

"I do. I had been carrying his cane down the street and he had been chasing me to get it back."

"Well, I never," said the other girl.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DURING the silver excitement in Gilpin county, Col., before Senator Teller ascended to the toga, a Mexican was arrested for robbing the sluice boxes. It was not the first time this Mexican had betrayed this sluice box weakness. It was readily decided to hang the proper thing to hang him. Teller took a prominent part in the debate which preceded the Mexican's stringing up. He said he very much regretted the suspension of this man, but, like the rest, he was in favor of it. Teller wanted to give the doomed man a chance to pray, but the Mexican declined, and Teller started in to give him what the miners called "a good send-off." After recounting the man's crime as an excuse for hanging, the petitioner said: "This man is unfit to live; he cannot associate with honest people; he is an outcast, the very worst man in all Gilpin county—and, so, oh Lord, take him to thyself."

The Mexican was then hanged.—*San Francisco Post.*

"THE true journalist," said the observing man, "takes an artistic pride in making a long story short, I suppose."

"That's where you suppose wrong," replied the New York reporter. "We get paid by space. The real art is to make a short story long."—*Ex.*



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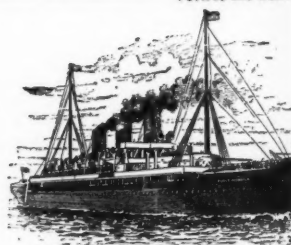
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"JIM, WHILE WE'S A-WAITIN' FOR DE SUN TO SET AFORE WE BREAKS INTO DE CHURCH YONDER, LET ME TELL YER DAT YER AIN'T GOT NO OR NARY EVERY-DAY SLOUCH FUR A PARDNER. I'S GOT THE BLUEST CONWICT BLOOD A-COURSIN' T'ROUGH MY WEINS; MY GRAN-FADER KILT A HESSE CASSEL DOOK, AN' ON MY MUDDER'S SIDE I KIN SHOW T'REE GENERATIONS WOT HAVE BEEN HUNG BY DE NECK!"

"My dear, dear old boy!" began the effusive young man as he entered a Woodward avenue car and slapped a middle-aged man on the back, "but I was just thinking of you a moment ago! How do you do, anyway?"

"I am well, sir!" frigidly replied the man as he turned full around.

"Ah! Beg pardon for my mistake. I was certain it was my dear old friend Colonel B."

"I said I was well," repeated the man who had been slapped.

"Yes, I know, and I beg you to excuse me. It's the first time I ever made such a mistake. The resemblance is wonderful."

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" demanded the other in tones about 48 degrees below zero.

"I slapped you on the back by mistake. I am sorry for it. You look like a twin-brother of my old friend, Colonel B., and I mistook you for him. So very sorry, and I hope you'll overlook it."

"Are you addressing me, sir?" came in cold and flinty tones across the car.

"Yes, sir. When I came in I took you for my old friend, Colonel B., and was not until after I had slapped you on the back that I found out my mistake. It was very rude of me, and I beg pardon and hope you will overlook it."

"What do you wish me to overlook?"

The young man got up to go all over that speech again, but a plumber was about to get off took him by the arm and walked him out and dropped him on the asphalt, and said:

"Young man, you must have drank one too many cocktails. That's old Colonel B. himself you've been talking to all this time!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE possibilities of the English language have frequently been taxed to describe the great American game of baseball, but for striking illustration from the *Herald*, of Quincy, Ill., has rarely been equaled:

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave robbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens who represent the Gem City in the reckless rush for the baseball pennant had their shins toasted by the basilisk-eyed cattle drivers from the West. They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hot nail, and suffered the griping yaps of Omaha to run the bases until their necks were long with thirst. His had more errors than Coin's Financial School, and led the rheumatic procession to the morgue. The Quincys were full of straw and scrap iron. They could hit a brick wagon with a pickax and ran bases like pall bearers at a funeral. Three-base hits were growing on the back of every man's neck they couldn't run 'em with a feather duster. It looked as if the Amalgamated Union of South American Hoodoos was in session for work in the thirty-third degree. The geezers stood about and whistled for help, and were so weak they couldn't hold a glass of beer if it had been all foam. Everything was yellow, rocky and whistled, like a stigtossel full of doglegammon. The game was whiskered and frostbitten. The Omahogs were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox by their fins sewed up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

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